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BOOTS.

WHOEVER has spent any part of his life in travelling, must have discovered, that in all inns there is a real or supposed personage called Boots, whose lineaments, however, if he were called upon to recollect them in any instance, would be found to have entirely escaped his observation. The fact is, Boots is a kind of lubber-fiend, such as Milton alludes to in his *L'Allegro*, who works—that is certain, for his work appears—but is hardly ever seen himself. Some one out of many travellers may have a dim recollection of a Caliban-like being whom he saw one morning flitting, in misty and mysterious touziness of shape, across a long narrow passage leading back into the kitchen. Or he may have passed a dusky recess in some of the back passages of the house, and heard a curious mingled sound of whistling and brushing, proceeding, as he would observe on casting his eye inwards, from something in human shape—the spirit of the den—of whose form, however, the details were completely beyond the ken of vision. Or, when hurrying out to a coach just about to start from the door, he may have heard the words, "Mind Boots, sir, if you please," uttered by some person near him, and who, after receiving a trifle, bowed and retired. But though Boots, in desperate cases, thus rushes forth from his grim abode, and presents himself in bodily shape to the eye of the traveller, no one can pretend to have ever exactly measured him with eye, or spoken to him with tongue, or touched him with finger. The opportunities of actually seeing Boots are invariably too hasty and transient to allow of any proper observation being taken of him. He flits before the human eye like a disembodied spirit of the air, and remains as great a mystery as ever.

Having an odd habit of poking into the outlying corners of human nature, and thinking of things that no other body thinks of thinking of, we have sometimes had very thoughtful cogitations within ourselves respecting the character and destiny of Boots. It is a dreadful thing to reflect that a vast number of persons, young and old, should live all their lives in a state of such hopeless spirituality as do those who bear the name of Boots. We cannot suppose that in England, Boots is ever a confirmed person—how could the bishop lay his hand upon a head so unessential as his?—nor can we suppose that in Scotland he is ever what is called an *examinable* person. In the first place, how could the minister get a hold of him? In the second, even supposing that he had dragged the struggling savage into day, what would be the use of asking "What is the chief end of man?" of a person who does not consider himself as man at all, but is only—Boots! Does Boots go to Church? Surely no man will say that he ever saw him there. Is Boots taken into account in the census of the national population? If he were, he would, of course, be entitled to rank as two, for, in grammar, Boots is plural. But he never ranks either as one or as two: he is an unnoticed being altogether. So apt are people to overlook his existence, that, though they never were at an inn without having occasion for his services, yet, when they are paying their bills, they never recollect there is such a being as Boots; and unless he shoots like a star from his sphere, and comes athwart them in the lobby, as they are going out, with a hint of his name and service, he is bilked utterly—fairly done—left quite unrequited. This shows that Boots has no regularly acknowledged existence in the mind of any man: the idea of him is not continued from

one day to another: he may have been believed to exist on Tuesday; but nobody on that account believes him to exist on Wednesday. In fact, Boots is entirely a puzzle. Hath Boots eyes? Hath Boots taste, smell, or touch? Doth he breathe the same air with us, see the same objects of nature, eat, drink, or sleep? No, no, no! The idea of bed, board, and washing, is incompatible with the idea of Boots. Or if he has a bed at all, it is also board; and if he has a board, it is also his bed. Washing! could any body wash to a disembodied spirit? You might as well talk of darning the stockings of the Cocklane Ghost. Still less can it be supposed that Boots ever experiences what mortals know under the name of the tender passion. Boots in love! The oyster in love is nothing to this. Boots in love!! can any man form such an idea? With whom, in the first place, is he to fall in love? Cham-maid would evidently have nothing to do with him—she looks to the waiter. Cook would despise him—she looks to the hostler. "No, no," they would all say; "when we are to have a man, he must be a man." What woman would marry an unessential spirit, so long as the real human being was to be got? Besides, even allowing that Boots were of this world, he is not *one*, but *two*—he is a *pair* already. To marry Boots would be a kind of bigamy. The thing is as clear as his own work, or as day, or as Mr Day, of Day and Martin—take any of the three smiles you please. By reason of the very fact that he is double, he is condemned to remain single all the days of his unnatural life. He is married within himself—quite matrimonially self-contained, as it were. The right of him stands for husband, the left for wife; and so he ties off with himself from all debate about the matter.

If Boots be thus strangely circumstanced in this world, he is, we suspect, far more oddly situated as to the next. The ministers, it is already mentioned, have no hold of Boots—he is totally out of the pale of the visible church. Man's chief end is a thing he has nothing to do with. If he enjoys mortal life at all—and that is very questionable—it must be only animal life. Within the sphere of his physical contexture no soul resides. You might as well suppose that a pair of limbs beneath the knee had a soul, which, on their being amputated, left the flesh behind. Yet Boots must not be confounded, either, with the creatures inferior to man. He must have some faint outline or vestige of a soul, such as what was believed to exist in the days of classical mythology. Perhaps the constellation of BOOTES is the place appointed for the future residence of this lesser intelligence, when disengaged from its tenement on earth. But this is a part of the subject which we are willing to leave to the consideration of more abstract men than those concerned in CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

TOP BOOTS.

TOP BOOTS, as every body must have remarked, are now nearly altogether out of fashion. Their race is all but extinct. An occasional pair may indeed still be seen encasing the brawny legs of a stout elderly country gentleman, on a market day, or on the occasion of a flying visit to the metropolis; but with this exception, and with probably that of some hale obstinate bachelor octogenarian, who, in full recollection of the impression which his top boots had made on the public mind some fifty years since, still persists in thrusting his shrivelled shanks into the boots of his youth—we say, with the first positive, and the last probable exception, this highly respectable-looking

and somewhat flashy article of dress has entirely disappeared.

Time was, however, and we recollect it well, when matters stood far otherwise with top boots. We have a distinct vision of numberless pairs flitting before our eyes, through the mazes of the various thoroughfares of the city; but, alas! they have vanished, one after another, like stars before the light of approaching day. Rest to their *soles*, they are now gathered to their fathers, their brightness is extinguished, their glory is gone. The Conqueror of Waterloo hath conquered them also. The top boots have fallen before the Wellingtons.

We have said, that we recollect when it was otherwise with top boots, and so we do. We recollect when a pair of top boots was a great object of ambition with the young, whose worldly prosperity was all yet to come, whose means of indulging in such little vanities of the flesh were yet to be acquired. To them a pair of top boots was a sort of land-mark in the voyage of life; a palpable, prominent, and desirable object to be attained; a sort of Cape Horn to be doubled. Nor were they less objects of ambition at the time we speak of—say about 40 years since—to the more advanced, whose circumstances required a long previous hint to prepare for such an event as the purchase of a pair of top boots. In short, top boots were the rage of the day. The apprentice, the moment he got out of his time, got into his top boots. The first thing the young grocer did was to get a pair of top boots. No lover then went to woo his mistress but in top boots, or at least if he did, the chance was, that he would go to very little purpose. The buckishly-inclined mechanic, too, hoarded his superfluous earnings until they reached the height of a pair of top boots, in which to entomb his lower limbs. Although their visits now, as we have already hinted, are "few and far between," we have seen the day when, instead of being but occasionally seen, like solitary points of light as they are now, on the dusky street, they converted it by their numbers into an absolute *via lactea*—a perfect galaxy of white leather—or shot, frequent, pale, lacteous, and flitting, like northern streamers through the dark tide of humanity as it rolled along. No marvel it is, then, that, in the midst of the wide prevalence of this top boot epidemic, poor Tommy Aikin should have fallen a victim to the disease—that his heart should have been set upon a pair of top boots; nor is it a marvel that Mr Aikin should have been able finally to gratify this longing of his, seeing that he was in tolerable circumstances, or at least in such circumstances as enabled him, by retrenching a little somewhere else, to attain the great object of his ambition—a pair of top boots. No marvel, then, as we have said, are these things which we have related of Mr Aikin; but great marvel is it that a pair of top boots should have wrought any man such mischief, as we shall presently show they did, to that honest man. But let us not anticipate. Let us, as has been before wisely said, begin at the beginning, and say who Mr Aikin was, and what were the evils in which his top boots involved him. Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, that Mr Thomas Aikin was an officer of Excise, and was, at the period to which our story relates, residing in a certain small town not more than fifty miles distant from the city of Glasgow. Mr Aikin was a stout-made middle-aged man, exceedingly good-natured, kind, civil, and obliging. In short, he was an excellent fellow, honest and upright in all his dealings, and a faithful servant of the revenue. Every body liked Mr Aikin, and Mr Aikin liked every body; and sorely did every body lament his misfortunes

* The first question in the Catechism of the Church of Scotland. No. 3. VOL. II.

when they fell upon him. Mr Aikin had for many years led a happy life in the bosom of his family. He laughed and joked away, took his jug of toddy, caressed his children, spoke always affectionately to and of his wife, and was so spoken to and of by her in return. In short, Mr Aikin was a happy man up to that evil hour when he conceived the idea of possessing himself of a pair of top boots.

"Mary," said Mr Aikin, one luckless evening, to his loving wife, after having sat for about half an hour looking into the fire.

"Aweel, Thomas?" said his spouse, in token of her attention.

"I wad like to hae a pair o' tap boots," replied Mr Aikin, shortly, and without further preamble, although he had in reality bestowed a good deal of thought on the subject previously; indeed, a dim undefined vision of top boots had been floating before his mind's eye for nearly a month before it took the distinct shape of such a determination as he was now about to express.

"Aweel, Thomas," replied his better half, with equal brevity, "ye had better get a pair."

"They're decent-lookin' things," rejoined Mr Aikin.

"Indeed are they," said his indulgent spouse, "very decent and respectable, Thomas."

"Hather flashy though, I doubt, for the like o' me," quoth Mr Aikin.

"I dinna see that, Thomas, sae lang as ye're able to pay for them," remarked Mrs Aikin.

"No so very able, my dear," responded her husband; "but I wad like to hae a pair for a' that, just to wear on Sundays and collection days."

"Aweel, Thomas, get them; and what for no?" replied Mrs Aikin, "since your mind's bent on them. We'll save the price o' them aff something else."

We need not pursue farther the amiable colloquy which took place on this fatal night between Mr Aikin and his wife. Suffice it to say, that that night fixed Mr Aikin's resolution to order a pair of top boots. On the very next day he was measured for the said boots; and late on the Saturday evening following, the boots, with their tops carefully papered, to protect them from injury, were regularly delivered by an apprentice boy into the hands of Mrs Aikin herself, for her husband's interest.

As Mr Aikin was not himself in the house when the boots were brought home, they were placed in a corner of the parlour to await his pleasure; and certainly nothing could look more harmless or more inoffensive than did these treacherous boots, as they now stood, with their muffled tops and shining feet, in the corner of Mr Aikin's parlour. But alas! alas! short-sighted mortals that we are! that could not foresee any the slightest portion of the evils with which these rascally boots were fraught. To shorten our story as much as possible, we proceed to say that Mr Aikin at length came home, and being directed to where the boots lay, he raised them up in one hand, holding a candle in the other; and having turned them round and round several times, admiring their gloss and fair proportions, laid them down again with a calm quiet smile of satisfaction, and retired to bed. Sunday came, the church bells rang, and Mr Aikin sallied forth, in all the pomp and glory of a pair of spick and span new top boots. With all Mr Aikin's good qualities, there was, however, and we forgot to mention it before, a *little* touch of personal vanity; the slightest imaginable it was, but still such an ingredient did enter into the composition of his character, and it was this weakness, as philosophers call it, which made him hold his head at an unwonted height, and throw out his legs with a flourish, and plant his foot with a firmness and decision on this particular Sunday, which was quite unusual with him, or, at least, which had passed unnoticed before. With the exception, however, of a few passing remarks, in which there was neither much acrimony nor much novelty, Mr Aikin's boots were allowed to go to and from the church in peace and quietness.

"Hae ye seen Mr Aikin's tap boots?"

"Faith, Mr Aikin looks weel in his tap boots."

"Mr Aikin was unco grand the day in his tap boots."

Such and such like were the only observations which Mr Aikin's top boots elicited on the first Sunday of their appearance.

Sunday after Sunday came and departed, and with the Sundays came also and departed Mr Aikin's top boots, for he wore them only on that sacred day, and on collection days, as he himself originally proposed.

Like every other marvel, they at length sunk quietly to rest, becoming so associated and identified with the wearer, that no one ever thought of discussing them separately.

Deceitful, calm, treacherous silence—it was but the gathering of the storm. It so happened that Mr Aikin, in the language of the Excise, surveyed, that is, ascertained and levied the duties payable by a tanner, or leather dresser, who carried on his business in the town in which Mr Aikin resided.

Now, the Honourable Board of Excise were in those days extremely jealous of the fidelity of their officers, and, in a spirit of suspicion of the honour and faith of man peculiar to themselves, readily listened to every report prejudicial to the character of their servants.

Here, then, was an apparently intimate connection, and of the worst sort—a pair of top boots—between a revenue officer and a trader, a dresser of leather.

Remote and obscure hints of connivance between the former and the latter began to arise, and in despite of the general esteem in which Mr Aikin was held, and the high opinion which was entertained of his worth and integrity, these hints and suspicions

—such is the wickedness and perversity of human nature—gradually gained ground, until they at length reached the ears of the Board, with the most absurd aggravations.

Their honours were told, but by whom was never ascertained, that the most nefarious practices were going on in —, and to an enormous extent.

Large speculations in contraband leather, on the joint account of the officer and trader, were talked of; the one sinking his capital, the other sacrificing the king's duties.

Whole hogsheds of manufactured boots and shoes were said to be exported to the West Indies, as the common adventure of the officer and trader.

The whole family and friends of the former, to the tenth degree of propinquity, were said to have been supplied gratis with boots and shoes for the last ten years.

In short, the whole affair was laid before their honours the Commissioners of Excise, decked out in the blackest colours, and so swollen, distorted, and exaggerated, that no man could have conceived for a moment that so monstrous a tale of dishonesty and turpitude could have been manufactured out of a thing so simple as a pair of top boots.

Indeed, how could he? for the boots, the real ground of the vile fabrication, were never once mentioned, nor in the slightest degree alluded to; but, as it was, the thing bore a serious aspect, and so thought the Honourable Board of Excise.

A long and grave consultation was held in the board-room, and the result was, an order to the then Collector of Excise in Glasgow to make a strict and immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and to report thereon; a measure which was followed up in a day or two afterwards, by their honours dispatching two Surveying-generals, as they are called, also to Glasgow, to assist at and superintend the investigation which the Collector had been directed to set on foot.

On the arrival of these officers at Glasgow, they forthwith waited upon the Collector, to ascertain what he had learnt regarding Mr Aikin's nefarious practices.

The result of the consultation which was here again held, was a determination, on the part of the Generals and the Collector, to proceed to the scene of Mr Aikin's ignominy, and to prosecute their inquiries on the spot, as the most likely way of arriving at a due knowledge of the facts.

Accordingly, two chaises were hired at the expense of the crown, one for the two Generals, and another for the Collector and his clerk—all this, good reader, be it remembered, arising from the simple circumstance of Mr Aikin's having indulged himself in the luxury of a single solitary pair of top boots, and, moreover, the first pair he ever had.

The gentlemen having seated themselves in the carriages, were joined, just before starting, by a friend of the Collector's on horseback, who, agreeably to an arrangement he had made with the latter on the preceding day, now came to ride out with them to the scene of their impending labours; and thus, though of course he had nothing to do with the proceedings of the day, he added not a little to the imposing character of the procession, which was now about to move in the direction of Mr Aikin's top boots.

An hour and a half's drive brought the whole cavalcade into the little town in which the unfortunate owner of the said boots resided; and little did he think, honest man, as he eyed the procession passing his windows, marvelling the while what it could mean—little, we say, did he think that the sole and only object, *pro tempore* at least, of those who composed it, was to inquire how, and by what means, and from whom, he had gotten his top boots.

Of this fact, however, he was soon made aware. In less than half an hour he was sent for, and told, for the first time, of the heavy charges which lay against him.

A long, tedious investigation took place; item after item of poor Aikin's indictment melted away beneath the process of inquiry; until at length the whole affair resolved itself into the original cause of all the mischief, the pair of top boots.

Nothing which could in the slightest degree impugn Mr Aikin's honesty remained, but these unlucky top boots, and for them he immediately produced his shoemaker's receipt.

"Mr Aikin—Bought of David Anderson, one pair of top boots, L.2. 2s. Settled in full, D. Anderson."

With this finisher the investigation closed, and Mr Aikin stood fully and honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him.

The impression, however, which the affair made at head-quarters, was far from being favourable to him.

He was ever after considered there in the light, not of an innocent man, but as one against whom nothing could be proven; and his motions were watched with the utmost vigilance.

The consequence was, that, in less than three months, he was dismissed from the service of the revenue, ostensibly for some trifling omission of duty; but he himself thought, and so did every body else, that the top boots were in reality the cause of his misfortune.

One would have thought that this was quite enough of mischief to arise from one pair of top boots, and so thought every body but the top boots themselves, we suppose.

This was but a beginning of the misfortunes into which they walked with their unfortunate owner.

About four miles distant from the town in which Mr Aikin lived, there resided an extensive coal-mine proprietor, of the name of Davidson; and it so happened that he, too, had a predilection for that particular article of dress, already so often named, viz. top boots; indeed, he was never known to wear anything else in their place.

Davidson was an elderly gentleman, harsh and haughty in his manner, and extremely mean in all his dealings—a manner and disposition

which made him greatly disliked by the whole country, and especially by his workmen, the miners, of whom he employed upwards of a hundred and fifty. The abhorrence in which Mr Davidson was at all times held by his servants, was at this particular moment greatly increased by an attempt which he was making to reduce his workmen's wages; and to such a height had their resentment risen against their employer, that some of the more ferocious of them were heard to throw out dark hints of personal violence; and it was much feared by Davidson's friends—of whom he had, however, but a very few, and these mostly connected with him by motives of interest—that such an occurrence would, in reality, happen one night or other, and that at no great distance of time. Nor was this fear groundless. Mr Davidson was invited to dine with a neighbouring gentleman. He accepted the invitation, very foolishly, as his family thought; but he did accept it, and went accordingly. It was in the winter time, and the house of his host was about a mile distant from his own residence. Such an opportunity as this of giving their employer a sound drubbing had been long looked for by some half dozen of Mr Davidson's workmen, and early and correct information on the subject of his dining out enabled them to avail themselves of it. The conspirators having held a consultation, resolved to waylay Davidson on his return home. With this view they proceeded, after it became dark, in the direction of the house in which their employer was dining. Having gone about half way, they halted, and held another consultation, whereat it was determined that they should conceal themselves in a sunk fence which ran alongside of the road, until the object of their resentment approached, when they should all rush out upon him at once, and belabour him to their heart's content. This settled, they all covered down into the ditch, to await the arrival of their victim. "But how will we ken him i' the dark," said Jock Tamson, one of the conspirators, in a low whisper, to his next neighbour; "we may fa' foul o' somebody else in a mistak." The question rather poked Jock's neighbour, who immediately put it to the person next him, and he again to the next, and on went the important query, until all were in possession of it; but none could answer it. At length, one of more happy device than the rest suggested that Mr Davidson might be recognised by his top boots. The idea pleased all, and was by all considered infallible, for the fame of Mr Aikin's boots had not yet reached this particular quarter of the country. Satisfied that they had hit upon an unerring mark by which to know their man, the ruffians waited patiently for his approach. At length, after fully two hours' watching, the fall of a foot-step broke faintly on their ears; it came nearer and nearer, and became every moment more and more distinct. Breathless with the intensity of their feelings, the conspirators, in dead silence, grasped their cudgels with increased energy, and sunk themselves in the ditch until their eyes were on a level with the ground, that they might at once place the approaching object full before them, and between them and the feeble light which lingered in the western sky. In the meantime, the wayfarer approached; two dim white objects glimmered indistinctly in the darkness. They were instantly recognised to be Mr Davidson's top boots; a loud shout followed this feeling of conviction; the colliers rushed from their hiding-place, and in the next instant half a dozen bludgeons whistled round the ears of the unfortunate wayfarer. The sufferer roared lustily for mercy, but he roared in vain. The blows fell thick and fast upon his luckless head and shoulders, for it was necessary that the work should be done quickly; and a few seconds more saw him lying senseless and bleeding in the ditch in which his assailants had concealed themselves. Having satisfied their vengeance, the ruffians now fled, leaving their victim behind them in the condition we have described. Morning came—a man was found in a ditch, speechless, and bleeding profusely from several severe wounds on the head and face. He was dragged out, and, after cleansing his face from the blood and dirt with which it was encrusted, the unfortunate man was recognised to be—Mr Thomas Aikin!

The cursed boots, and they alone, were the cause of poor Aikin's mischance.

He had, indeed, been mauled by mistake, as the reader will have already anticipated. There was no intention whatever on the part of the colliers to do Mr Aikin any injury, for Mr Aikin, in the whole course of his harmless life, had never done them any; indeed, he was wholly unknown to them, and they to him. It was the top boots, and nothing but the top boots, that did all the mischief. But to go on with our story. Aikin was carried home, and, through the strength of a naturally good constitution and skilful surgical assistance, recovered so far in six weeks as to be able to go about as usual, although he bore to his grave with him on his face the marks of the violence which he had received, besides being disfigured by the loss of some half dozen of his front teeth.

The top boots, which poor Aikin had worn before as articles of dress, and, of course, as a matter of choice, he was now obliged to wear daily from necessity, being, as we have already related, dismissed from his situation in the Excise.

One would think that Aikin had now suffered enough for his predilection for top boots, seeing, at least so far as we can see, that there was no great harm in such an apparently

inoffensive indulgence; but Mr Aikin's evil stars, or his top boots themselves, we do not know which, were of a totally different opinion, and on this opinion they forthwith proceeded to act.

Some weeks after the occurrence of the disaster just recorded, the little town of —, where Aikin resided, was suddenly thrown into a state of the utmost horror and consternation, by the report of a foul murder and robbery having been committed on the highway, and within a short distance of the town; and of all the inhabitants who felt horror-struck on this occasion, there was no one more horrified than Mr Thomas Aikin. The report, however, of the murder and robbery, was incorrect, in so far as the unfortunate man was still living, although little more, when found in the morning, for the deed had been committed over night. Being a stranger, he was immediately conveyed to the principal inn of the town, put to bed, and medical aid called in. The Fiscal, on learning that the man was still in existence, instantly summoned his clerk, and, accompanied by a magistrate, hastened to the dying man's bed-side, to take down whatever particulars could be learnt from him regarding the assault and robbery. After patiently and laboriously connecting the half intelligible and disjointed sentences which they from time to time elicited from him, they made out that he was a cattle-dealer, that he belonged to Edinburgh, that he had been in Glasgow, and that, having missed the evening coach which plies between the former and the latter city, he had taken the road on foot, with the view of accomplishing one stage, and there awaiting the coming up of the next coach. They further elicited from him that he had had a large sum of money upon him, of which, of course, he had been deprived. The Fiscal next proceeded to inquire if he could identify the person or persons who attacked him. He mumbled a reply in the negative.

"How many were there of them?" inquired the Magistrate; "was there more than one?"

"Only one," muttered the unfortunate man.

"Was there any peculiarity in his dress or appearance that struck you?" asked the Fiscal.

He mumbled a reply, but none of the bystanders could make it out. The question was again put, and both the Magistrate and Fiscal stooped down simultaneously to catch the answer. After an interval it came—and what think you it was, good reader? Why, "top boots," distinctly and unequivocally. The Fiscal and Magistrate looked at each other for a second, but neither durst venture to hint at the astounding suspicion which the mention of these remarkable objects forced upon them.

"He wore top boots, you say?" again inquired the Fiscal, to make sure that he had heard aright.

"Y—e—s, t—o—p b—o—o—t—s," was again the reply.

"Was he a thin man, or a stout man?"

"A stout man."

"Young or middle-aged?"

"Middle-aged."

"Tall or short?"

"Short," groaned out the sufferer, and, with that word, the breath of life departed from him.

This event, of course, put an immediate end to the inquiry. The Fiscal and Magistrate now retired to consult together regarding what was best to be done, and to reconsider the deposition of the murdered man. There was a certain pair of top boots present to the minds of both, but the wearer of them had hitherto borne an unblemished character, and was personally known to them both as a kind-hearted, inoffensive man. Indeed, up to this hour, they would as soon have believed that the minister of the parish would commit a robbery as Mr Aikin—we say Mr Aikin, for we can no longer conceal the fact, that it was Aikin's boots, however reluctantly admitted, that flashed upon the minds of the two gentlemen of whom we are now speaking.

"The thing is impossible, incredible of such a man as Mr Aikin," said the Magistrate, in reply to the first open insinuation of the Fiscal, although, in saying this, he said what was not in strict accordance with certain vague suspicions which had taken possession of his own mind.

"Why, I should say so too," replied the officer of the law, "were I to judge by the character which he has hitherto borne; but here," he said, holding up the deposition of the murdered man, "here are circumstances which we cannot be warranted in overlooking, let them implicate whom they may. There is in especial the top boots," went on the Fiscal; "now, there is not another pair within ten miles of us but Aikin's; for Mr Davidson, the only man whom I know that wears them besides, is now in London. There is the personal description, too, exact. And besides all this, Bailie," continued the law officer, "you will recollect that Mr Aikin is, and has been out of employment for the last six months; and there is no saying what a man who has a large family upon his hands will do in these circumstances."

The Bailie acknowledged the force of his colleague's observations, but remarked, that, as it was a serious charge, it must be gone cautiously and warily about. "For it wad be," he said, "rather a hard matter to hang a man upon nae ither evidence than a pair o' tap boots."

"Doubtless it would," replied the Fiscal; "but here is," he said, "a concatenation of circumstances—a chain of evidence, so far as it goes, perfectly entire

and connected. But," he continued, as if to reconcile the Bailie to the dangerous suspicion, "an alibi on the part o' Mr Aikin will set a' to rights, and blaw the hail charge awa like peels o' ingans; and if he be an innocent man, Bailie, he can hae nae difficulty in establishing an alibi."

Not so fast, Mr Fiscal, not so fast, if you please; this alibi was not so easily established, or rather it could not be established at all. Most unfortunately for poor Aikin, it turned out, upon an inquiry which the official authorities thought it necessary to set on foot before proceeding to extremities, that is, before taking any decisive steps against the object of their suspicion, that he had been not only absent from his own house until a late hour of the night on which the murder and robbery was committed, but had actually been at that late hour on the very identical road on which it had taken place. The truth is, that Aikin had been dining with a friend who lived about a mile into the country, and, as it unfortunately happened, in the very direction in which the crime had been perpetrated; still could it not have been shewn that no unnecessary time had elapsed between the moment of his leaving his friend's house and his arrival at his own. Such a circumstance would surely have weighed something in his favour. So it would, probably; but, alas! even this slender exculpatory incident could not be urged in his behalf; for the poor man, little dreaming of what was to happen, had drunk a tumbler or two more than enough, and had fallen asleep on the road. In short, the Fiscal, considering all the circumstances of the case as they now stood, did not think it consistent with his duty either to delay proceedings longer against Aikin, or to maintain any further delicacy with regard to him. A report of the whole affair was made to the Sheriff of Glasgow, who immediately ordered a warrant to be made out for the apprehension of Aikin. This instrument was given forthwith into the custody of two criminal officers, who set out directly in a post-chaise to execute their commission. Arriving in the middle of the night, they found poor Aikin, wholly unconscious of the situation in which he stood, in bed and sound asleep. Having roused the unhappy man, and barely allowed him time to draw on his top boots, they hurried him into the chaise, and in little more than an hour thereafter, Aikin was fairly lodged in Glasgow Jail, to stand his trial for murder and robbery, and this mainly, if not wholly, on the strength of his top boots.

The day of trial came. The judge summed up the evidence, and, in an eloquent speech, directed the special attention of the jury to Aikin's top boots: indeed, on these he dwelt so much, and with such effect, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner at the bar, who accordingly received sentence of death, but was strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, as well on the ground of his previous good character, as on that of certain misgivings regarding the top boots, which a number of the jury could not help entertaining, in despite of their prominence in the evidence which was led against their unfortunate owner. Aikin's friends, who could not be persuaded of his guilt, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial proof with which it was apparently established, availing themselves of this recommendation of the jury, immediately set to work to second the humane interference; and Providence in its mercy kindly assisted them. From a communication which the Superintendent of Police in Glasgow received from the corresponding officer in Edinburgh about a week after Aikin's condemnation, it appeared that there were more gentlemen of suspicious character in the world who wore top boots than poor Aikin. The letter alluded to announced the capture of a notorious character—regarding whom information had been received from Bow Street—a flash cove, fresh from London, on a foraging expedition in Scotland. The communication described him as being remarkably well dressed, and, in especial, alluded to the circumstance of his wearing top boots; concluding the whole, which was indeed the principal purpose of the letter, by inquiring if there was any charge in Glasgow against such a person as they described. The circumstance, by some fortunate chance, reached the ears of Aikin's friends, and in the hope that something might be made of it, they employed an eminent lawyer in Edinburgh to sift the matter to the bottom. In the meantime, the Englishman in the top boots was brought to trial for another highway robbery, found guilty, and sentenced to death without hope of mercy. The lawyer whom Aikin's friends had employed, thinking this a favourable opportunity for eliciting the truth from him, seeing that he had now nothing more to fear in this world, waited upon the unfortunate man, and, amidst a confession of a long series of crimes, obtained from him that of the murder and robbery for which poor Aikin had been tried and condemned. The consequence of this important discovery was, the immediate liberation of Aikin, who again returned in peace to the bosom of his family. His friends, however, not contented with what they had done, represented the whole circumstances of the case to the Secretary of State for the Home Department; and under the impression that there lay a claim on the country for reparation for the injury, though inadvertent, which its laws had done to an innocent man, the application was replied to in favourable terms in course of post, and in less than three weeks thereafter, Mr Thomas Aikin was appointed to a situation

in the Custom-house in London, worth two hundred pounds a-year. His steadiness, integrity, and general good conduct, soon procured him still further advancement, and he finally died, after enjoying his appointment for many years, in the annual receipt of more than double the sum which we have just named. And thus ends the eventful history of Mr THOMAS AIKIN and his TOP BOOTS.

TURKEY.

IN an article on the History of the Turks, we gave lately some account of the present enfeebled state of that empire. The following notice of the reasons which have kept it so far in the rear of the nations which lie near its territories, may be interesting to our readers:—

One of the principal causes of the backwardness of the Turks, in respect of that improvement which they might have learned from intercourse with the nations of Europe, depends on the nature of their laws. These are founded solely on the Koran, the book of their religion, which consists of a set of pretended revelations, delivered by the impostor Mahommed, as the "Word of God," to his countrymen and followers. The whole work is full of mystery and fable, mixed up with certain moral precepts, and plentifully strewn with anathemas against all religions but that which itself teaches. It was calculated at first for the Arabs, a nation who have little connection or commerce with the rest of the world, and who at that time reckoned military virtue, and attachment to their pretended prophet, the perfection of a man's character; hence the Koran breathed a spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance, which led all the nations who adopted it to regard the rest of the world with the same feeling as the Arabs did, and taught them never to seek friendship with any but those who adopted their own religion. The laws which were founded on such a work as their basis, were, of course, perfectly contrary to the spirit of commerce and mutual intercourse between nations; every people whose religion was different were considered as inferior, and their improvement or knowledge of no real value. No provision is therefore made by these laws for the intercourse and negotiations of trade; and their intolerance is such, that it would be almost impossible to engraft upon them a set of regulations fitted for a commercial people.

The form of their government is another obstacle to the improvement of the Turkish nation. Their sultan, or sovereign, has the powers of the government at his own sole disposal, without being fettered by the legal control of any body of his subjects. He can make war or peace; appoint the officers of his empire, or dismiss them, at his own pleasure. Any advisers whom he may adopt are chosen entirely by himself, and have no influence but while they continue to enjoy his favour. Hence the whole character of the government depends on the personal qualities of the sovereign; if that individual happens to be a steady experienced man, he will select favourites of the same description, and the affairs of the state may be managed during his life with prudence; but the probability of such an occurrence is greatly lessened by the policy which the reigning sovereigns have long adopted with regard to those of their family who are likely to succeed them. In order to prevent these persons from intriguing to gain a party, and (like Absalom in Hebrew history) seizing prematurely on the throne, they are kept secluded from business, and immured in the palace among eunuchs and women. Hence the sovereigns of Turkey, during the last century, have been generally poor ignorant creatures, who had no conception of the situation to which they were raised, except that it restored them to liberty, and gave them the means of gratifying, without restraint, some favourite passion. Such men were necessarily always under the influence of one favourite or other, who procured for them the means of satisfying their desires, while he himself wielded the actual powers of the empire. One or two of these favourites have been men, who, by superior abilities, have risen through the bloodshed and intrigue which lie in the way to distinction in semi-barbarous countries; and such have really aimed at benefiting the people; but others crept into the palace by the most despicable means; and all (in a country where there are no means of education) were bigoted and ignorant. It is evident, that, under the management of such persons, no course of improvement could be judiciously chosen or pursued; and when any of them attempted to introduce a new discipline in the army, or perhaps in some other way to combat the prejudices of his countrymen, the first tumult excited by his innovations was often appeased by his weak sovereign giving up his minister's head for a peace-offering to the mob.

The sultan and his favourites have the unquestioned power of appointing to all public offices, except those of religion; and as a large present was always expected from the successful candidate, it was by no means the best qualified who received the appointment. The offices are in truth put up for sale, and this sale is often renewed yearly. Hence the first object of a Turkish officer, or governor, on entering on his charge, is often to reimburse himself by his exactions on the people, for the money he has expended. All travellers agree that the taxes of Turkey are not in themselves oppressive, were it not that they are

doubled or trebled by the extortions of the governors in their several provinces. These grievances are aggravated by a law, which provides that every one who has once held any office under government, shall leave all his property at death to the state. Hence the great officers endeavour, by a thousand artifices, to alienate their wealth secretly for their relations, or to provide for them by greater accumulations. The court, in the meantime, winks at their extortions, and often seizes an opportunity of confiscating all that they have gathered. From a government so disposed, it were idle to expect any steady attention to the improvement of the country; and as the only way in which the several governors of provinces can recommend themselves at court, is by successful war with some hostile nation, or with some other governor who has rebelled, all patient regard to the occupations of peace in their districts is out of the question.

But besides the faults of its government, the preferences claimed by one class of its subjects over another, is a continual source of weakness to the Turkish empire. The population (as was remarked in a former article) is composed partly of Mahomedans, and partly of Christians. The former, though the least numerous, are the ruling class; and the latter are every where subjected to humiliation, and even to heavier taxes. The poll-tax is demanded only of Christians; and so much hardship do many of the poor find in paying their share, that, at the time when it is due, the jails are crowded with defaulters. The Christians, in general, have no means of securing exemption from the insults of their Mahomedan countrymen, but by courtship of the protection of some wealthy Turk. Hence the one becomes cunning, cringing, and deceitful, while the other gains proportionally in insolence. The demoralizing effect of this situation of the two parties, infects the whole constitution of society throughout Turkey; and it is alleged by intelligent travellers that it even destroys, in Christian families, the influence of parental authority. The children of these people, whenever they find the discipline of home disagreeable to them, threaten to turn Mahomedans; and as such a desertion of their religion is reckoned disgraceful to the whole family, every sacrifice is made to prevent it. The Christians in the several towns consist of people of different nations—Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, &c., and each of these has in certain cases a chief elected by themselves, who apportions to the individuals of his nation their share of the general Christian poll-tax, and is responsible to the government for its payment. This situation is one of the greatest anxiety and hazard; and though it is sought for by wealthy Christians, from the consideration which it gives them above their own despised class, it frequently leads them to prison and confiscation. When it is considered that by far the greatest part of the trade of Turkey is in the hands of people who are thus treated, it must be obvious, that, however fertile the country, it can, under such management, never improve its natural advantages.

This state of things might be gradually ameliorated, were the Turkish governors and high officers men of information, who were able, by comparison with the state of other countries, to trace the source of the evils which depress their own. But these individuals have often risen to power merely by dint of their superior qualifications as soldiers. Promotion in an European army always implies acquaintance with certain military sciences at least; but as the Turkish forces are composed of mere illiterate boors, officered by the strongest or fiercest of their own number, the attainment of high rank among them implies little else than a superiority in the attributes of courage and cunning. Even, however, if these men were desirous of improving their minds in useful knowledge, there are no means within their reach for such a purpose. The only learning held in repute in Turkey is an acquaintance with commentaries on their obscure theological laws, with the finical niceties of grammar, or with judicial astrology, and the art of foretelling future events by the stars. These are the only branches of education which are taught in their schools and colleges, or upon which their learned men rest their hopes of distinction. An acquaintance with mathematics, or with the geography and statistics of the rest of the world, may be looked on as a kind of humble useful knowledge, like that of a tradesman in his craft, but would not entitle its possessor to open his lips in presence of a learned man who could write a sonnet in Persian, or recite some classical Arabic poem. This despised kind of knowledge, therefore, is little cultivated; but even the humble accomplishments of reading and writing are slightly attended to; and it is no uncommon thing to see a Turkish bashaw under the necessity of keeping a secretary constantly beside him, not merely to write his letters, but for the more important purpose of reading those which he receives.

The diversity of nations and tongues among the people who occupy the Turkish empire, is another obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of the country. Turkey is not like Britain, where all the people speak one language, and live in communities among which knowledge circulates by the mere impulse of curiosity. There is a different tongue for almost every province. In Europe there is the Sclavonian, mixed Italian, Bulgarian, modern Greek, and the Osmanli, or polite Turkish. In Asia there are many dialects—the Turki, or language of the wandering Turcomans; the Arabic, the Chingans, the Curdeen, and several others. The spoken lan-

guage of the different tribes is often greatly different from what is known as a written tongue under the same name. To teach a tradesman of Aleppo to understand the written Arabic, for instance (though his own language is called Arabic), would almost be to give him a new tongue. There is no common language even among those who are of the same religion; the Greek Christians of Aleppo speak a corrupt Arabic, while the Mahomedans of Western Albania speak Italian and Greek. Books published in Turkish would be in a foreign language to more than nine-tenths of the people of the country; so that the operation of printing, which diffuses knowledge so readily in other places, would here meet with innumerable obstacles in producing such an effect. Any one who has observed the difficulties encountered in seeking to introduce any kind of learning among the people speaking Gaelic in this country, will be somewhat able to appreciate the numerous failures that must take place in a quarter where the number of dissimilar tongues is so great, and where the ignorance and want of curiosity among the people would repel all the advances of those who sought to improve them.

The observations we have hitherto made refer chiefly to the inhabitants of towns, and the districts regularly settled. But in Asia Minor (and even in Moldavia and Wallachia), there are immense tracts occupied by wandering tribes, whose thousands are as little amenable to law as the gipsies of England. They are half herdsmen, half robbers; and levy a contribution, or blackmail, on all travellers who pass through their wilds. The wandering Turcomans move in bodies of several thousands, carrying their flocks and herds along with them, to choose suitable pastures for the different seasons; numbers of the Arab tribes in the north of Syria lead a similar life; and the Kurds of Natolia, the Druses, and other mountain hordes, hardly own the Turkish law. In truth, many of these restless people have here the same relation to the classes who submit to government and live in towns, as the Indians of North America have to the inhabitants of the United States; only that they are far more numerous, and have more efficient means of annoying their civilized neighbours, than those aboriginal tribes now have.

In a country where the laws and government are so defective, and where the people consist of tribes so little assimilated to each other, it is obvious that the course of improvement can be but slow. There is no class among the population from which men having either the requisite education, or proper moral feeling, can be selected to form efficient public officers; and even if these could be procured, the antipathies, prejudices, and ignorance of the people themselves, would be serious obstacles to the good such men might intend. What may be the course of events with regard to this country, it is difficult to say: its future fate presents a wide field for speculation; but into this it is impossible now to enter. We have stated the causes which chiefly tend to its continued depression, imagining that the fate of so beautiful a portion of the globe could not be otherwise than interesting to our readers.

JOHN MACTAGGART, A HIGHLAND STORY.

ABOUT ninety years ago, a decent Highlander of this name rented two farms upon the promontory of Kintyre, in Argyleshire—one of them a corn farm upon the coast, and the other a sheep farm, upon the high grounds about four miles distant. As might be expected from a man in such circumstances, John was a highly respectable character. He had a wife and some sons and daughters, all of whom had arrived at maturity, and few men bore a better appearance at either kirk or market.

One snowy day, in the winter of 1748, a young female, dressed in a style above the vulgar, but apparently travel-worn and weary, passed John's house upon the coast, and, contrary to the custom of wayfarers, did not come in. The circumstance excited some surprise in the inmates, who remarked that it was strange to see an individual of that kind travelling on such a day, and passing, without refreshment, the last house she would see for several miles. In the afternoon, as the storm seemed likely to be worse before it would be better, John thought it necessary to go up to his hill farm, to give some directions about saving the sheep. He set off two hours before night, mounted on his favourite grey mare; but though that animal had long been accustomed to all kinds of Highland weather, it was dusk before she had advanced half way up the moor, and the snow was then taking her up to the belly, and threatened to retard her further progress altogether. John began to feel himself in some danger; but yet his horse had so often served him in cases of peril, that he did not by any means despair.

While honest John was reflecting upon his own case, another of a much more hapless description was presented to his view. Almost at his horse's feet, cowering beneath a little bush, and half buried in the snow, lay the female who had been observed to pass his door in the course of the day. John instantly dismounted, and, raising the head of the unfortunate woman from

the ground, learned, from a few whispered words of almost expiring anguish, that she was in a condition the most distressing that the imagination of the reader can conceive. "Leave me, however," she said in Gaelic, "to the fate which I have provoked—for to me death is better than life." John answered in a few soothing words, but found himself unable, for a few moments, to convey any hope that he could save the life of which she seemed so indifferent. To go either back or forward for assistance, seemed in vain; for before he could expect to regain the spot, the wretched lady must have perished from cold, and probably would be buried deep in the snow. To remain with her seemed alike unavailing, for he could not expect to keep either her or himself in life for any considerable length of time, in the midst of such a storm. If the reader will pause for a moment, and consider all the circumstances of the case, he will feel that the perplexity must have been extreme; and perhaps he will hardly believe beforehand, that any means of escaping from it was within the reach of the honest farmer.

A real exigency, however, will sometimes suggest expedients which no deliberate ingenuity could have devised. John instantly resolved upon a sacrifice which, in calm blood, hardly any sum of money could have tempted him to perform. With his *skene dhu* (an unclashed knife then worn by every Highlander) he cut the throat of his highly valued mare, took out the entrails, and, in the hollow of the warm carcase, deposited the unhappy woman, now almost about to become a mother. Then stripping off his upper coat, which, as he remarked, was of no use to a traveller without a horse, he spread it over the lady; and, having whispered to her an assurance that he would return with assistance, or himself perish in the attempt, he set off towards his hill farm, with all the speed that the nature of the way would admit of. As he had calculated, the snow was not so deep upon the high as on the low grounds, and he therefore reached his destination in about an hour.

The whole strength of the household was immediately put in requisition for the benefit of the poor wanderer. The single female servant was left to prepare a warm bed for her reception, along with every other comfort which the establishment could furnish. Three shepherds, each provided with a blanket, and John himself, carrying that Highland catholicon, a bottle of whisky, boldly faced the storm, and, after a toilsome march, reached the place where she lay. To the great joy of Mactaggart, his expedient for preserving animation had been attended with success. Supported by the natural warmth of her rude receptacle, and protected both from the wind and the snow, the lady was still alive, though no doubt in a very precarious state. To the further joy of Mactaggart—as she murmured forth her thanks for his kind exertions, it was in such a tone as assured him, that, in finding herself the object of such a providential deliverance, a hope had been generated which promised to restore her to the *appreciation* of existence. With hands not the most gentle that could have been wished, but feelings the tenderest that could have been manifested, John, assisted by his shepherds, removed her from her place of shelter, and wrapped her carefully up in the blankets; after which, a refreshment from the bottle was offered as kindly as it was thankfully accepted. She was then carried forward by two of the men, relieved by the third, while John himself piloted the way to the cottage. After a tedious march, in which the spirit of humanity and the spirit of barley conspired to sustain John and his men against every difficulty, the procession reached the house in perfect safety, where the lady was immediately placed in bed, and administered to after the manner proper to individuals in her situation.

Not long after her arrival, she was delivered of a female child, and, notwithstanding the absence of many comforts and appliances, which, in the usual circumstances, are thought indispensable, both mother and daughter did well. In due time they were removed to the farm-house upon the coast, where her protector's family resided; and as the persons concerned were Highlanders, it is needless to say that she was treated by them with the greatest kindness, and welcomed to stay as long as she pleased. Though naturally anxious to be made acquainted with her history, neither Mactaggart nor his wife could venture to make any direct inquiries about it. They soon learned, what indeed the lady herself was more anxious to communicate than they to learn, that she was a *wife*; but her superior manners, and the mystery she assumed, deterred them from asking further. For some months, though far from the despair in which she had been found by Mactaggart, she appeared in very low spirits; but the cloud gradually drew off, and, after a twelve-month's residence under the roof of her protector, she became as cheerful as she had formerly been dull. Before this time, John had become excessively attached to his guest, and also to her child, whom he was the more inclined to cherish, in as far as several of his own children at this time emigrated to America, along with a great number of his neighbours. His heart indeed was completely devoted to these two interesting strangers, while the lady, on her part, repaid his kindness with an affection only inferior to that of a daughter. One day, however, after she had been fifteen months in his house, she went out with her child in her arms, as if to take a walk, and to the inexpressible grief of Mactaggart, she never returned. The story, reader, does not end here. Its conclu-

sion was as remarkable, in one respect, as its commencement; and that we shall now give. In the first place, however, it must be explained that the lady was a daughter of Maclean of —, in the island of Mull, privately wedded to a young gentleman, whose family residence was upon the opposite coast of Morven. Like Romeo and Juliet, these young persons had formed an attachment in defiance of an inveterate feud between their parents. When Stewart of — learned the state of his son's affections, he hastily procured a commission for him in the navy, and had him sent off to the station at Minorca, before he could take any measures for acknowledging his bride. On this event, Flora Maclean confessed to her father that she had been secretly married to her lover; but the old man was so averse to an alliance with his rival and enemy, that he commanded her never to say a word of the circumstance, and when a rumour to that effect was circulated, took every opportunity of contradicting it. The passions of her father were of so dreadful a character, that, though she soon after found herself in a condition which rendered the avowal of her marriage more than ever necessary, she durst not take any such steps. For some time she hoped that her lover might find some means of rescuing her, but in this she was cruelly disappointed. By the vigilance of her father, every means which he took to correspond with her was balked. At length, confounded with the unusual distress into which she was plunged, without a friend to consult as to her future course, and desperate under the extreme cruelty of her parent, she left her home, and wandered forth she knew not whither, and with no object but to perish in a land where she might be unknown.

Being rescued, in the manner already related, at once from death and from despair, she contrived, while living under the roof of her deliverer, to correspond with her husband. The elder Stewart, in the mean time, died, leaving his son to inherit his large estates in Morven and Breadalbane. The youth accordingly returned home, and as had been concerted, his spouse at a certain time left the house of John Macaggart, in order to meet him. The secret manner of her departure was the result of considerations arising rather from the artificial ideas of society, than from natural feeling. Though grateful and affectionate in the highest degree to her kind protector, she feared to let her extraordinary story follow her into the sphere of life in which she was henceforth to move. Judging, therefore, that to inform Macaggart of her intentions could not be done without the risk of a divulgence of her secret, she resolved that even he should never know whom he had saved. Every idea of a pecuniary remuneration for his kindness was precluded by the comfortable circumstances in which he seemed to live.

John, however, was not destined to be always prosperous. Already deserted by all his children, who joined the tide of emigration then rolling towards North America, he endured a shock more severe than he could well endure, in the loss of the lady and her child. His worldly wealth had been much diminished by the provisions he was required to make for his children; his own listlessness of mind tended further to injure his affairs; and, finally, one or two bad seasons completely ruined him. Just at this crisis, his wife died, and poor John was left quite alone in the world, to struggle in his old age with hardships he was ill able to endure. He then wandered from his home, with much the same object as what had been once entertained by Flora Maclean—namely, to sink in some place where his poverty and misery would bring no discredit upon his name or kindred. As he afterwards confessed, he was not without money; but it was only enough to furnish the means of putting him under the earth, without assistance from strangers—an object he cherished so warmly, that no extremity of want could have induced him to break in upon the little sum. His course was eastward into Perthshire, and for some days he wandered regardlessly on, receiving here and there food and lodging from people nearly as poor as himself. At length he was overtaken in Glendochart by a very severe snow-storm, with which he struggled for some hours till he was nearly exhausted. "I once," he thought to himself, "saved a fellow creature from dying in the snow: it now seems likely that such will be my own fate." He was just about to give up all hope, when he arrived at the gate of a respectable mansion, and, on applying for admission, was kindly received into the kitchen, and solaced with some warm soup by the cook. While he sat by the fire, pondering on fancies all of which were bitter, a lady came down to give some household orders, attended by a girl of four or five years, who began to play about the kitchen. The lady, seeing the old man's eye fixed upon the child, asked if he had ever seen her before. "Ay," said Macaggart, in his native language, "I have seen both you and her before: it was on a white day that I saw you first, but, alas, the blackest day to me that I ever knew." The lady was Flora Maclean. Overcome by her feelings, she screamed, and threw herself upon the bosom of her kind protector, where she remained for several minutes in a passion of tears. The noise brought her husband down to see what was the matter, and she speedily explained to him that this old man was he who had saved her own life and that of her child.

John Macaggart spent all the remainder of his life in this happy mansion, and never took a meal any where but at the same table with Allan Stewart and Flora Maclean.

MISCELLANEA PICKED UP IN A DAY'S READING.

TEACHING THE DEAF.

The following account of the origin and invention of teaching a deaf person to speak, is extracted from Dr Wallis's *Memorials of his Own Life*, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

"In the year 1653," says Dr Wallis, "I was persuaded to publish a grammar of the English tongue, chiefly to gratify strangers, who were willing to learn it (because of many desirable things published in our language), but complained of its difficulty for want of a grammar suited to the propriety and true genius of the language. To this I prefixed a treatise of speech (*de loquela*), wherein I have philosophically considered the formation of all sounds used in articulate speech (as well of our own as of any other language that I knew), by what organs, and in what position, each sound was formed, with the nice distinctions of each (which in some letters of the same organ is very subtle); so that, by such organs, in such positions, the breath issuing from the lungs will form such sounds, whether the person do or do not hear himself speak; which was, I think, a new attempt, not before undertaken by any (that I knew of) before that time. For though it were observed that some letters were labials, some dentals, some palatines, and some gutturals—and some grammarians have in some measure shewed a different formation in some few of the same organ—yet it is but of very few they have so done, and very imperfectly; none (that I know of) had before attempted it, as to all, whatever may have been done since in pursuance of what I then taught.

In pursuance of this, I thought it very possible to teach a deaf person to speak, by directing him so to apply the organs of speech as the sound of each letter required (which children learn by imitation and manifold attempts, rather than by art); and in the year 1660, being importuned by some friends of his, I undertook so to teach Mr Daniel Walley, of Northampton, who had been deaf and dumb from a child. I began the work in 1661, and in little more than a year's time I had taught him to pronounce distinctly any words, so as I directed him, even the most difficult of the Polish language, which a Polish lord then in Oxford could propose to him, by way of trial, of those five or six select hard words, which they use to propose to others, as not to be pronounced by any but themselves; and in good measure to understand a language, and express his own mind in writing; and he had in that time read over to me distinctly (the whole or greater part of) the English Bible, and did pretty well understand (at least) the historical part of it.

In the year 1662, I did the like for Mr Alexander Popham (son of the Lady Wharton, by her former husband Admiral Popham) with like success; on whom Dr William Holder had before attempted it, but gave it over.

I know that both of these (who I think are yet living) were apt to forget (after their parting from me) much of that nicety (which before they had) in the distinct pronouncing some letters (which they would recover, when I had occasionally been with them to set them right); wanting the help of their ear to direct their speaking, as that of the eye directs the hand in writing. For which reason a man who writes a good hand would soon forget so to do, if grown blind. And, therefore, one who thus learns to speak, will (for the continuance and use of it) need somebody continually with him, who may prompt him when he mistakes.

I have since that time (upon the same account) taught diverse persons (and some of them very considerable) to speak plain and distinctly, who did before hesitate and stutter very much; and others to pronounce such words or letters, as before they thought impossible for them to do: by teaching them how to rectify such mistakes in the formation, as by some natural impediment, or acquired custom, they had been subject to."

NEWSPAPERS.

Before the introduction of printed newspapers, it appears that great families had a sort of Gazetteers in London, who transmitted to them the news of the day in written letters. This custom accounts for the following memorandum preserved in the Clifford family:—"To Captain Robinson, by my lord's commands, for writing letters of news to his lordship for a half year, five pounds."—*Whitaker's Hist. of the Deanery of Craven*.

ALMANACKS.

Almanacks, in their present shape, are comparatively of a modern date. The first almanack in England was printed at Oxford in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanack of twopence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanack, and its title, they were all vended. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross it in their own hands."

DINNER HOUR.

Till towards the middle of the seventeenth century, it was the custom to dine at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. "With us," says the preface to *Holingshed*, "the nobility, gentry, and students, do ordi-

narly go to dinner at eleven before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and six, at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon, and six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the term, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

FALSTAFF'S BUCKRAM-MEN.

Sir John Falstaff was a benefactor to Magdalene College, Oxford. He bequeathed estates to that society, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior Demies. A half fellow at this college is called a Demy. But this benefaction, in time, yielding no more than a penny a-week to those who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, "Falstaff's Buckram-Men." (*Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, Vol. I., p. 234, note.)—The proper name of this knight was Fastolf. He was a celebrated general and nobleman in France during the English conquests in that kingdom, and intimate with William Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester, the founder of Magdalene College. It is thought that the name which Shakespeare gave to his humorous knight was merely accidental, and that he did not intend the least allusion to this great warrior, under the name of Sir John Falstaff. It is evident, indeed, that although their names are somewhat similar, their characters are very different.

THE PLAYERS AT OXFORD.

Many of Dryden's Prologues, and indeed the most excellent of them, were written on occasion of the players going to Oxford, a custom which was introduced while Dr Ralph Bathurst, president of Trinity College, was vice-chancellor of the university. At this time, Dryden was so famous for his prologues, that no piece was relished, nor would the theatres scarcely venture to produce it, if it wanted this fashionable ornament. To this purpose, an anecdote is recorded of Southerne, who, on bringing his first play on the stage, did not fail to bespeak a prologue of the artist in vogue. The usual price had been four guineas. In the present case, Dryden insisted that he must have six for his work, "which," said the mercantile bard, "is out of no disrespect to you, young man, but the players have had my goods too cheap."—*Warton's Essay on Pope*.

MEMORY.

There is no faculty of the mind by which different individuals are more distinguished than by the possession of a retentive memory. Among the ancients, Seneca, Latro Porcius, Cynæus, and some others, are represented as having possessed wonderful memories. The following is a translation of what Seneca says of himself:—"I do not deny that I myself possessed powers of memory in a very considerable degree. It was not only sufficient for the ordinary business of life, but appeared to some to be almost miraculous. I repeated the names of two thousand persons in the order in which they were spoken. When single verses were prescribed to each individual who came to attend our preceptor, on hearing them prescribed, I recited them in order, beginning with the last, and ending with the first." The number of verses was more than two hundred. Seneca mentions, in the same work, the great memory of Latro Porcius, whom he calls his very dear companion, who retained in his memory all the declamations he had ever spoken, and never knew his memory fail him, not so much as in one single word. He also takes notice of Cynæus, who was ambassador to the Romans, from King Pyrrhus, who in one day had so well learned the names of his spectators, that on the subsequent day he saluted the senate, &c. by their proper names.—*Seneca, Controvers. L. I.*

Pliny mentions similar instances (*Liv. 7. c. 24*). Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Scipio knew the names of the Roman people. Mithridates, who ruled over twenty-two kingdoms, delivered laws to them in as many languages, and publicly addressed the natives of each kingdom in their own tongue, without an interpreter. Charmidas, or rather Carneades, could name all the books in a great library as they stood in order.

Bishop Jewel had a most wonderful memory. He could exactly repeat whatever he had written, after one reading. During the ringing of the bell, he committed to memory a repetition sermon, and pronounced it without hesitation. His custom was to write the heads of his discourses, and imprint them so firmly upon his mind, that he used to say, "if ten thousand people were quarrelling or fighting all the while he was preaching, yet they could not put him out." In order to try him, Dr Parkhurst having proposed to him some of the most difficult and barbarous words out of a calendar, and John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, forty Welsh, Irish, and foreign words, he after once or twice reading, and a little recollection, repeated them all by heart, backward and forward. In the year 1563, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, having read to him, out of Erasmus's *Paraphrase*, the last clauses of ten lines confused, and imperfect on purpose, he, sitting silent awhile, and covering his face with his hand, immediately rehearsed all those broken parcels of sentences, the right way and the contrary, without hesitation. He professed to teach others this art, and taught it his tutor Dr Parkhurst, at Zurich, who in the space of twenty-eight days, and only by spending an hour a-day, learned all the twenty-eight chapters of St Matthew's Gospel, so perfectly that he could repeat any verse, knowing at

the same time what went before and what followed. He died in 1671.

But one of the most extraordinary instances of abstraction and memory united is to be found in the following letter from the celebrated Dr John Wallis, Professor of Geometry at Oxford, to Dr Smith, December 22, 1669. "In the dark night, in bed (without pen, ink, paper, or any thing equivalent), I did, by memory, extract the square root of 3,00000,00000,00000, 00000,00000,00000,00000, which I so found to be 1,73205,08075,68877,29353, *ferè* (almost), and did the next day commit to writing.—Feb. 18, 1670.—J. G. P. Regiomontanus, giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, when I had then for a long time been afflicted with a quartan ague, I did that night propose to myself in bed, by dark, without other help than my memory, a number of fifty-three places —2,4681,3579,1012,1411,1315,1618,2017,1921,2224,2623,3023,2527,2931; of which I so extracted the square root of 27 places, viz.—157,1030,1687,1462,8058,1715,2171, nearly, which numbers, the one and the other, I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March 11, following, when I did, from my memory, dictate them to him, who then wrote them from my mouth, and took them with him to examine.

"Yours, JOHN WALLIS.

"Oxford, Feb. 16, 1680-1."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THE first division of the Scriptures, as already mentioned, is into the *Old and New Testament*. The *New* belongs to the Christians, but the *Old* was received from the Jews; and it is from them, therefore, that we must learn what the number of the books of it originally was, and every thing else relating to this most ancient and interesting production.

The celebrated Jewish writers, Josephus and Philo, reckon two and twenty canonical books in the Old Testament, which is the number of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet: and, to make out this, they join the book of *Ruth* to that of *Judges*, and the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah to the book of his *Prophecies*. But other Jewish doctors divide the book of *Ruth* from that of *Judges*, and, making likewise a separate book of the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, they reckon four and twenty books in all. In order to accommodate this number to that of the letters of the alphabet, they repeat the letter *god* three times, as they say, in honour to the great name of God *Jehovah*, of which *god* is the first letter; and in Chaldee, three *gods* together were used to express this adorable name; but as the modern Jews thought that this savoured too much of what Christians call the *Trinity*, they use only two *gods* for this purpose. St Jerome is of opinion that St John had this division of the Hebrew Scriptures in view, when, in his *Revelation*, he speaks of the *four and twenty elders* who paid adoration to the Lamb of God.

The Jews divide the whole of these books into three classes, namely, the *Law*, the *Prophecy*, and the *Hagiographa*, or *Holy Writings*, which last division includes more particularly the *poetical* parts; and some are of opinion that Jesus Christ alludes to this division of the Scriptures, when he says that "all things must be fulfilled that were written in the *Law of Moses*, and in the *Prophecy*, and in the *Psalm*, concerning him." For by the Book of *Psalm* they understand all the books of the third class. The *Law* comprehends the *Pentateuch*, that is, *Genesis*, *Exodus*, *Leviticus*, *Numbers*, and *Deuteronomy*. The *Prophecetical* books are eight; viz. 1. *Joshua*, 2. *Judges* with *Ruth*, 3. *Samuel*, 4. *Kings*, 5. *Isaiah*, 6. *Jeremiah*, 7. *Ezekiel*, and 8. *The Twelve Lesser Prophets*. The four first books of this division are called the *Former Prophets*, and the four last the *Latter Prophets*. The *Hagiographa*, or *Holy Writings*, are nine; viz. 1. *Job*, 2. the *Psalm*, 3. the *Proverbs*, 4. *Ecclesiastes*, 5. the *Song of Songs*, 6. *Daniel*, 7. *Chronicles*, 8. *Ezra* with *Nehemiah*, and 9. *Ester*. The Jews do not put *Daniel* in the rank of a prophet, although they acknowledge him to have been a man inspired by God, and whose writings are full of the clearest prophecies concerning the time of the Messiah's coming, and what should happen to their nation. Jesus Christ, therefore, gives him the name of a *Prophet*, and the Jewish doctors are much puzzled to find out a proper reason for their not doing the same. "It is," says Maimonides, "because every thing that *Daniel* wrote was not revealed to him when he was awake and had the use of his reason, but in the night, and in obscure dreams." But this is a very unsatisfactory account of the matter; and others are of opinion that the name of a *Prophet* was commonly given to those only who were of a certain college, and whose business it was to write the *Annals*; and that, therefore, their works were ranked among the *prophecetical* books, though they did not contain a single prediction of any thing to come, as the Books of *Joshua* and *Judges*; whilst, on the contrary, the works of those who were not of these colleges of the *Prophets* were not ranked among the *prophecetical* books, although they contained true prophecies.

The Latins agree with the Jews as to the number of the *Psalm*, which is a hundred and fifty, but both they and the Greeks divide them differently from the Hebrews. In the Greek Bible, and the Vulgate, or common Latin version, the ninth and tenth, according to the Hebrew, make but one *Psalm*; and, therefore,

in order to make up the number of a hundred and fifty, they divide the hundred and forty-seventh into two.

This is the general division of the Sacred Books among the Jews. But they divide the *Pentateuch* in particular into certain Paragraphs or Sections, which they call *Parashioth*, and which they subdivide into the *Great* and the *Little*. A *Great Section* contains as much as is to be read in the synagogue in a week. There are in all fifty-four of these, in as much as there may be so many weeks in a year; for the Jews are obliged to read all the *Pentateuch* over once every year, finishing it on the Feast of *Tabernacles*, and beginning it again on the next Sabbath day. In the time of the persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes, they also selected fifty-four sections to be read out of the *Prophecy*, which have ever since constituted the second Lessons in the Jewish synagogue-service. The *Little Sections*, which are subdivisions of the *Greater*, are made according to the subjects they treat of; and these *Great* and *Little Sections* are again of two sorts: one of which is called *Petüchoth*, that is, *Open Sections*, and the other *Sethümoth*, that is, *Close Sections*. The former commence in the Hebrew Bibles always at the beginning of lines, and are marked with three *Pe's*, if it be a *Great Section*, and with only one, if it be a *Little Section*; because *Pe* is the first letter of the word *Petüchoth*. Every *Open Section* takes its name from its first word; and thus the first Section in the whole Bible is called *Bereshith*, which is the first word of the Book of *Genesis* in Hebrew. The *Close Sections* begin in the middle of a line, and are marked with the letter *Samech*, which is the first letter of the word *Sethümoth*; if it be a *Great Section*, it has three *Samechs*, if a *Little* one, only one. Every *Great Section* is also divided again into seven parts, which are read in the synagogue by so many different persons. If any priest be present, he begins, and a Levite reads after him; and in the choice of the rest, regard is had to their dignity and condition. The divisions of the prophetic books, already mentioned, are read jointly with those of *Moses*, in the same manner. These latter divisions they call *Haptheroth*, a term which signifies in Hebrew *Dismissions*; because after this reading is over, they dismiss the people.

The Jews call the division of the Holy Scriptures into chapters, *Peräkim*, which signifies *Fragments*; and the division into verses they call *Pesükim*, a word of nearly the same signification as the former. These last are marked out in the Hebrew Bibles by two great points at the end of them, called from hence *Soph-Pasük*, i. e. *The end of the verse*. But the division of the Scriptures into chapters and verses, as we now have them, is of a much later date. The *Psalm*, indeed, were always divided as at present; for St Paul, in his sermon at Antioch, in *Pisidia*, quotes the second *Psalm*. But as to the rest of the Holy Scriptures, the division of them into such chapters as at present, is what the ancients knew nothing of. Some attribute it to Stephen Langton, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reigns of King John, and his son Henry the Third. But the true author of this invention, as is shown by Dean Prideaux at great length, was Hugo de Sancto Caro, who, being from a Dominican monk advanced to the dignity of a Cardinal, and the first of that order that was so, is commonly called *Hugo Cardinalis*.

This Cardinal Hugo, who flourished about the year 1240, and died in 1262, had laboured much in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and made a comment upon the whole of them. The carrying on of this work gave him the occasion of inventing the first Concordance that was made of the Scriptures, that is, of the vulgar Latin Bible; for conceiving that such an index of all the words and phrases in the Bible would be of great use for the attaining of a better understanding of it, he projected a scheme for the making of such an index, and forthwith set a great number of the monks of his order on the collecting of the words under their proper classes in every letter of the alphabet, in order to this design; and, by the help of so many hands, he soon brought it to what he intended. This work was afterwards much improved by those who followed him, especially by Arlotus Thuseus, and Conradus Halberstadus, the former a Franciscan, and the other a Dominican friar, who both lived about the end of the same century. But the whole intention of the work being for the easier finding of any word or passage in the Scriptures, to make it answer this purpose, the Cardinal found it necessary, in the first place, to divide the book into sections, and the sections into other divisions, that by these he might the better make the references, and the more exactly point out in the index where any word or passage might be found in the text; and these sections are the chapters into which the Bible has ever since been divided. For, on the publishing of this Concordance, the usefulness of it being immediately discerned, all were desirous to have it; and, for the sake of the use of it, they all divided their Bibles as Hugo had done; for the references in the Concordance being made by these chapters, and the subdivisions of them, unless their Bibles were so divided too, the Concordance would be of no use to them. And thus this division of the several books of the Bible into chapters had its original, which has ever since been made use of in all places, and among all people, wherever the Bible itself is used in these western parts of the world; for before this there was no division of the books in the vulgar Latin Bibles at all.

But the subdivision of the chapters was not then by verses as now. Hugo's way of subdividing them was by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, placed in the margin at equal distances from one another, according as the chapters were longer or shorter. In long chapters all these seven letters were used, in others fewer, as the length of the chapters required; for the subdivision of the chapters by verses, which is now in all our Bibles, was not introduced into them till some ages after; and then it was from the Jews that the use of it, as we now have it, took its original on the following occasion.

About the year 1430, there lived here among the western Jews a famous Rabbi, called by some Rabbi Mordecai Nathan, by others, Rabbi Isaac Nathan, and by many by both these names, as if he were first called by one of them, and then by a change of it by the other. This Rabbi being much conversant with the Christians, and having frequent disputes with their learned men about religion, he thereby came to the knowledge of the great use which they made of the Latin Concordance, composed by Cardinal Hugo, and the benefit which they had from it, in the ready finding of any place in the Scriptures that they had occasion to consult; which he was so much taken with, that he immediately set about making such a Concordance to the Hebrew Bible for the use of the Jews. He began this work in the year 1438, and finished it in 1445, being seven years in composing it; and the first publishing of it happening about the time when printing was invented, it has since undergone several editions from the press. The Buxtorfs, father and son, bestowed much pains on this work; and the edition of it published by them at Basil, in 1632, is by far the most complete, and has deservedly the reputation of being the best book of the kind that is extant. Indeed, it is so useful for the understanding of the Hebrew Scriptures, that no one who employs his studies in this way can have a better companion; it being the best dictionary, as well as the best Concordance to them.

In the composing of this book, Rabbi Nathan, finding it necessary to follow the same division of the Scriptures into chapters, which Hugo had made in them, it had the like effect as to the Hebrew Bibles that Hugo's had as to the Latin, causing the same divisions to be made in all the Hebrew Bibles, which were afterwards either written out or printed for common use; and from hence the division of the books into chapters first came into the Hebrew Bibles. But Nathan, though he followed Hugo in the division into chapters, yet he did not do so in the division of the chapters by the letters A, B, C, &c. in the margin, but introduced a better usage, by employing the division that was made by verses. This division, as already mentioned, was very ancient; but it was till now without any numbers put to the verses. The numbering, therefore, of the verses in the chapters, and the quoting of the passages in every chapter by the verses, was Rabbi Nathan's invention; in every thing else he followed the pattern which Cardinal Hugo had set him. But it is to be observed, that he did not number the verses any otherwise than by affixing the numerical Hebrew letters in the margin at every fifth verse; and this has been the usage of the Jews in all their Hebrew Bibles ever since, except that latterly they have also introduced the common figures for numbering the intermediate verses between every fifth. Vatablus soon after published a Latin Bible according to this pattern, with the chapters divided into verses, and the verses so numbered; and this example has been followed in all other editions that have been since put forth. So that, as the Jews borrowed the division of the books of the Holy Scriptures into chapters from the Christians, in like manner the Christians borrowed that of the chapters into verses from the Jews. But, to this day, the Book of the Law, which is read by the Jews in their synagogues every Sabbath day, has none of these distinctions, that is, is not divided into verses as the Bibles are.

The division of the books of Scripture into *Great* and *Little Sections*, does, without doubt, contribute much to the clearing up of their contents; and for this reason, as well as because they found it practised in the synagogues, the Christians also divided the books of the *New Testament* into what the Greeks call *Pericöpes*, that is, *Sections*, that they might be read in their order. Each of these *Sections* contained, under the same title, all the matters that had any relation to one another, and were solemnly read in the churches by the public readers, after the deacons had admonished the faithful to be attentive to it, crying with a loud voice, *ATTENDAMUS, Let us attend*. The name of *Titles* was given to these *Sections*, because each of them had its own *Title*. Robert Stephens, the famous printer, who died at Geneva in 1550, gets the credit of being the first who made the division of the chapters of the *New Testament* into verses, and for the same reason as Rabbi Nathan had done before him as to the *Old Testament*, that is, for the sake of a Concordance which he was then composing for the Greek Testament, and which was afterwards printed by Henry Stephens, his son, who gives this account of the matter in his preface to that Concordance. Since that time, this division of the whole Bible by chapters and verses, and the quoting of all passages in them by the numbers of both, has grown into use every where among us in these western parts; so that not only all Latin Bibles, but all Greek ones also, as well as every other that has been printed in any of the modern languages, have followed this divi-

sion. They who most approve of this division of the Bible into chapters and verses, as at present used, agree that a much more convenient one might be made; since it often happens, that things which ought to be separated are joined together, and many things which ought to be joined together are divided.

The respect which the Jews have for the sacred books, and which even degenerates into superstition, is one of the principal of their religious practices. Nothing can be added to the care they take in writing them. The books of the ancients were of a different form from ours; they did not consist of several leaves, but of one or more skins of parchment sewn together, and fastened at the ends to rollers of wood, upon which they were rolled up; so that a book, when thus shut up, might easily be sealed in several places. And such was the book mentioned in the *Revelations*, which, St John says, was sealed with seven seals, and which no one but the Lion of the Tribe of Judah could open and explain.

The Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible are of two kinds—the rolled ones, or those used in the synagogues, and the square ones, or those which are to be found in private collections. The rules laid down by the Jews, with respect to their manuscripts, have, undoubtedly, tended much to preserve the integrity of the text. They are directed to be written upon parchment, made from the skin of a clean animal, and to be tied together with strings of similar substance, or sewn with goats' hair, which has been spun and prepared by a Jewess. It must be likewise a Jew that writes the Law, and they are extremely diligent and exact in it, because the least fault in the world profanes the book. Every skin of parchment is to contain a certain number of columns, which are to be of a precise length and breadth, and to contain a certain number of words. They are to be written with the purest ink, and no word is to be written by heart, or with the points; it must be first orally pronounced by the copyist. The name of God is directed to be written with the utmost attention and devotion, and the transcriber is to wash his pen before he inscribes it on the parchment. If there should chance to be a word with either a deficient or a redundant letter, or should any of the prosaic part of the Old Testament be written as verse, or vice versa, the manuscript is vitiated. No Hebrew manuscript with any illumination is, on any account, admitted into a synagogue, although private individuals are permitted to have them ornamented for their own use; but in the illustrations the resemblance of any animal denounced by the Jews as unclean cannot be admitted. Among the modern Jews, the Book of Esther, in particular, is frequently decorated with rude figures of various kinds; but with respect to this book, it must be observed, that owing to its wanting the sacred name of God, it is not held in such repute for holiness as the other books are. The manuscripts for private use may be either upon parchment, vellum, or paper, and of various sizes. "There is," says Pridaoux, "in the church of St Dominic, in Bononia, a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, kept with a great deal of care, which they pretend to be the original copy, written by Ezra himself; and, therefore, it is there valued at so high a rate, that great sums of money have been borrowed by the Bononians upon the pawn of it, and again repaid for its redemption. It is written in a very fair character upon a sort of leather, and made up in a roll, according to the ancient manner; but it having the vowel-points annexed, and the writing being fresh and fair, without any decay, both these particulars prove the novelty of that copy. But such forgeries are no uncommon things among the Papistical sect."

To open and shut up the roll or book of the Law, to hold it, and to raise and show it to the people, are three offices, which are sold, and bring in a great deal of money. The skins on which the Law is written are fastened to two rollers, whose ends jut out at the sides beyond the skins, and are usually adorned with silver; and it is by them that they hold the book, when they lift it up, and exhibit it to the congregation; because they are forbidden to touch the book itself with their hands. All who are in the synagogue kiss it, and they who are not near enough to reach it with their mouths, touch the silken cover of it, and then kiss their hands, and put the two fingers with which they touched it upon their eyes, which they think preserves the sight. They keep it in a cupboard, which supplies the place of the ark of the covenant, and they therefore call this cupboard *Aron*, which is the Hebrew name for the Ark; and this is always placed in the east end of the synagogue. He who presides chooses any one whom he pleases to read and explain the Scripture, which was a mark of distinction; as we see in the thirteenth chapter of the *Acts*, where we find the rulers of the synagogue desiring the Apostles, when they were in the synagogues, to make a discourse to the people. Ordinarily speaking, a Priest began, a Levite read on, and at last one of the people, whom the President chose, concluded. He who reads stands upright, and is not suffered so much as to lean against a wall. Before he begins, he says with a loud voice, *Bless ye God*, and the congregation answers, *Blessed be thou, O my God, blessed be thou for ever*; and when the lesson is ended, the book is rolled up, and wrapped in a piece of silk.

The Jews still retain so great a veneration for the

Hebrew tongue, that they do not think it lawful to use any other Bibles in the synagogues but such as are written in that language. This was what enraged them so much against the *Hellenistic* or *Græcising* Jews, who read the *Septuagint* Greek version in their synagogues; and so much were they grieved that this version was ever made, that they instituted a fast, in which they annually lament this as a misfortune. But because the Hebrew was, after the captivity, no longer the vulgar tongue, there was an interpreter in the synagogues, who explained to the people in the Chaldee, or common tongue, what was read to them in the Hebrew. The use they made of the Scriptures, however, gave the people at least an imperfect knowledge of the Hebrew language. And thus, we see that the Eunuch who is mentioned in the *Acts*, could read *Isaiah*, and understand enough of it to form the question which he put to Philip, concerning the passage in the prophecy relating to Jesus Christ.

TRAVELS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

WE are now going to tell the boys who read the Journal, many curious particulars regarding a country called Lapland, which lies very far distant in the northern part of Europe, and is inhabited by a race of people who are not taller than children of twelve or fourteen years old here. The following account is furnished by Mr Brooks, a very intelligent Englishman, who was in that country about nine years ago; and we shall let him tell his own story (altered to suit the tastes of young readers*), which may be liked better than if told in another manner.

"I resided some months (says he) upon Whale Island, which is about fifty miles distant from the North Cape. It is so named from the number of whales on its coasts, and is about sixty English miles round. Any one but a native would think it the most desolate place in the world. The inhabitants are confined to a narrow strip of land along the shores, by high and steep mountains, which approach almost to the sea. They seldom climb these mountains, being an indolent people, and loving to smoke better than to walk. They of course know but little of their own island. They are as often on the water as upon the land, and are so accustomed to it, as to feel quite as much at ease in their boats as in their huts.

I afterwards lived at Fuglenes, three quarters of a mile from the small town called Hammerfest. The two places were situated on opposite sides of the same bay. Wishing to visit Hammerfest frequently, I bought one of the Lapland boats. It was twelve feet long, shaped like an Indian canoe, narrow, and pointed, and so light, that one person could easily drive it through the water. The Finmark boats have no rudder. In the place of it one of the boat's crew sits at the stern, facing the other men, using two oars. He is called the headman.

The harbour of Hammerfest is not large enough to hold more than ten or fifteen vessels, but it is very safe. It reaches so far inward, that when a gale of wind is blowing outside, the water is calm and smooth like a pond.

Hammerfest is on the Finmark coast. (Finmark is the most northerly part of Lapland.) Many hundred Russian vessels go there every year with grain and fish-tackle, to exchange for the Laplander's fish. They use no money in that trade.

The water is wonderfully clear at Hammerfest. You may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you will see the young cod snapping at your hook; if you have one a little lower, the coal-fish; and the huge plaice, and halibut, on the white sand at the bottom. In other places are star-fish, as large as a plate; and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather, the fisherman takes a strong fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale-harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen on the bottom, the boat is stopped, and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus he is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh 500lbs. weight, and if drawn up carelessly, they will overturn the boat. Many Russian and other vessels came to Hammerfest while I was at Fuglenes, and the strangers who arrive in them often visited me.

The Finmark parties here begin at four o'clock in the afternoon, in winter. Every man brings his pipe, and they puff away till they can scarcely see each other for the smoke. They use cards, also, for amusement, and sing songs.

There are two kinds of Laplanders in Finmark: the Fishing-Laplanders, who live on the shores and the mountains, and the Rein-deer Laplanders, who rove about, summer and winter, with no shelter but tents. In summer, the mountaineers always come to the coasts and islands, with their herds of deer. The deer cannot live in the woods during the hot weather, on account of the great number of gad-flies and gnats. The people, to protect themselves from their stings, smear their faces with tar. They visit the coast, not merely to escape from the insects, but to buy cloth,

* We adopt the abridgement of Solomon Bell, an American author, from his "Tales of Travels in the North of Europe," an entertaining little book for young people.

meat, and powder, from the merchants who reside there. They give in exchange for these articles the horns of the deer, and the furs of the animals killed during the winter.

The journey from the mountains to the coast is from two to three hundred miles. The mountaineers set out in June. Most of them prefer the islands along the shore, to the shore itself, because their deer are safer there from the wolves and bears. They often swim them two miles to the islands, a whole herd going together; and there the Laplander lives by fishing, till fall, when he goes back to the mountains. His tent which he lives in, in all kinds of weather, is nothing but coarse cloth stretched upon poles, making a room about six feet wide. In this little space he lives with his wife and children, bowls, pots, and boxes, and sometimes with another family. If there is any room left, the dogs occupy it. I have seen twenty of these animals in a tent, sleeping at night on their master's bodies. The fire is built in the centre of the tent. A part of the smoke escapes at a small opening at the top, but the tent is always full of it. Near the outlet for the smoke, poles are put across, which the cheeses are placed upon. The door of the tent is a small hole. The floor is strewn with birch-boughs and deer-skins.

In winter, both men and women wear deer-skins. In summer, the women wear short gowns, and the men, frocks of coarse cloth, with cloth caps, leathern socks stuffed with grass, and pantaloons.

The Lapland cradle is a queer thing. It looks like a sledge, with the lower part open. Before the child is placed in it, it is stuffed with fine soft moss. If the mother wishes to carry the child with her, she fastens the cradle on her back, with the child's head peeping over her shoulders. If she had rather leave it at home, alone, she lets down the cloth at the cradle-head to keep off the gnats, sunshine, or cold; and if there are wolves in the neighbourhood, she hangs it on a tree. As the wind breezes up, the child rocks to and fro, and lies quietly enough.

The mountain Laplander lives almost entirely by his deer. A common flock is from three to five hundred. With two hundred he can make cheese enough in summer for the year, and can afford to kill deer enough in winter to supply his family with venison. If he has no more than fifty, he sells them, and becomes a servant or a fisherman on the coast. Some persons have two thousand. In summer, the people live chiefly upon milk, berries, and whey, laying by their cheeses for winter. The rein-deer milk is rich, but the cheese is very hard. None but a Laplander could eat such stuff.

I was frequently upon the water, shooting and sailing. In the evening the sea was very brilliant, owing, I suppose, to immense numbers of small sea-animals, shedding a light, something like that of the common fire-fly. The waves shone like faint flames of fire, and a blaze seemed to kindle up at every stroke of the oar.

I sometimes went, too, to see the milking of the rein-deer, towards evening. At that time, the hills all around were full of life and motion—the dogs running about, barking at the deer to collect them; and the deer bounding or browsing upon the moss, and tossing up their large, proud antlers, three or four hundred of them together. Then you would see the Lapland girls, going with their milk-vessels from one deer to another; their brothers holding them by the horns; the animals struggling; the girls laughing; and the father and mother at a little distance, scolding them all for their frolic.

The Laplanders thought a great deal of seeing an Englishman like me. When I went among them at first, it was soon spread about, that 'a great man, an Englishman,' was come. Some of them heard I was brother to the king of England, and they believed all they heard. So when I showed them a halfpenny, with the image of the king on it, they pointed at it, and at my face, and thought it 'an excellent family likeness.' They are very fond of show, and the men carry a knife, tobacco-pouch, and all the silver ornaments they can get, in their belts. They wear their best dress upon Sunday, as people do elsewhere.

I visited a neighbouring island, Hojeen, one day, to see a friend. I found about two hundred rein-deer on that island running wild. It is hard to catch these deer, and not very easy to shoot them; for they scent the hunter at a mile's distance, and always run against the wind. On my return home, I found a Lapland faged, or sheriff, had called to make me a visit. He is a great man in this country, and wore gold lace on his pantaloons, a crimson coat, and spurs on his heels merely for ornament. Many of the gentlemen wear spurs in Lapland and Sweden even at private parties.

In September, the mountain Laplanders went home from the coast with their herds. I saw a company of these people, the evening before they started. One of them butchered a deer, which they were to use as meat. He tied him, threw him on the ground, and plunged his knife between his fore-legs. The animal was then loosed, and walked about a little, but soon dropped dead. The knife was left in, to save the blood, which the people are fond of eating and drinking. The party all went off next day, men, women, and children, deer, dogs, baggage and all, together.

The tent was packed upon one deer. Another deer carried the cheeses, in a pannier or basket on his back. One of these panniers hangs on each side. A child is frequently packed away in one, and the cheeses in

the other; and thus they ride, like a doctor's saddle-bags. The family go on foot, the baggage deer being driven a-head, and the dogs march behind.

The rein-deer is very useful to the Laplander. In winter he drags him over the snow in his sledge with great ease and speed. His horns grow out in May, and fall off in the winter months. No animal has a thicker skin. The Laplanders make all their winter clothing of it. The deer feed upon moss, which they find under the snow; and in summer they pick leaves from the birch, and other trees, and tender shoots from the small shrubbery. They will eat rats, too, like cats. These rats are abundant in the mountains, and are called lemmings. The rein-deer will drag three hundred pounds over the snow, and draw a sledge ten miles an hour, quite easily. I knew one to travel one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours. In some places the people ride upon the backs of deer, making use of a wooden saddle. The Laplanders of the interior trade a good deal with the merchants along the coast. They buy more brandy than they ought to do. They are particular, when they receive money, to take nothing but hard coin, and, for safe keeping, bury it in some place near their tents. They put it away so snugly, sometimes, as to forget where it lies, and thus the cash is lost.

On October 18th, I left Hammerfest by water, for Alten; this is a town on the coast, where the merchants resort in winter, to trade with the Laplanders who come there from the mountains. Here they have a great fair in February. I went to a wedding at this place, and they gave me bear's flesh by way of cake, and punch instead of tea.

The Laplanders are a quiet, good sort of people. As they never steal, locks and bolts are not used among them. You may leave any thing in the open air, safely. They are not quarrelsome, and though the men carry knives in their belts, they never stab each other. I observed, however, that several of them understood kicking and pulling hair tolerably well.

The Laplanders do not make brave soldiers, but they bear the cold, heat, hunger and fatigue, with great patience. They are seldom troubled with any disease but the rheumatism, or something of that kind. For any pain in the limb, they put on fire, and raise a blister. For all the other complaints, they drink brandy and pepper, or brandy and gunpowder. This is a terrible dose, to be sure; but it always cures them, they say. They never take cold. Blindness is common among them, owing perhaps to the glare of the snow, or their smoky tents.

Drunkenness is their chief fault. I knew one family to drink a barrel of brandy in four months. They buy it of the merchants. If a Laplander earns twenty dollars by fishing, he will perhaps buy a few dollars' worth of cloth, and drink out the rest during the week. These people never refuse brandy. I had some with me, that was very strong; they made wry faces at drinking it, but always wanted more.

By the 10th of October, the country was covered with snow. At this season the bears are troublesome. They come out from their lurking-places, and if they can find a horse or a cow, they kill and drag it to some den or cavern, and live upon it during the winter. The Laplanders use the rifle in hunting bears. Their powder is coarse, and the bullet is no bigger than a pea. The hunter must get pretty near to his game, therefore; which makes it dangerous work to pursue these animals. Of course, a Laplander is proud of killing one. The people say, the bear has ten men's strength, and twelve men's sense; and they think it understands their speech. I once knew a Laplander to chase a bear to shoot at him: his rifle missed fire. The bear turned round, and was about to spring upon the man. 'You ought to be ashamed, you great rascal,' said the hunter, 'to bite a man with a poor rifle.' Whether the bear thought this remark reasonable, or was frightened, I don't know, but he ran away, and gave the hunter no more alarm.

The other wild animals of the country are wolves, foxes, weasels, squirrels, and wild deer. There are elder-ducks also, partridges, ptarmigan, wild geese, swans, and other birds. It is easy to shoot the ptarmigan in the spring. You will hear the male bird at day-break, hissing and cooing on some high pine. He soon brings other birds about him, and the hunter creeps up, while the ptarmigan cackles away on the tree so busy as to see nothing but himself, and so loud as to hear only his own noise. You may fire at the flock as many times as you please, so long as he keeps up the cackling.

I heard of a Laplander who overtook a wolf in the snow, and killed him, as he thought, with his staff. Taking him by the tail, he threw him over his shoulders, and marched off toward home, proud enough of his wolf. The beast was only stunned, and before the man had gone far, he turned round and seized him by the neck, and he was glad to let the creature go again.

At Drontheim, in Norway, they have a regiment of soldiers, called skate-runners. They wear long gaiters for travelling in deep snow, and a green uniform. They carry a short sword, a rifle fastened by a broad strap passing over the shoulder, and a climbing-staff seven feet long, with an iron spike at the end. They move so fast in the snow, that no cavalry or infantry can overtake them; and it does little good to fire cannon balls at them, as they go two hundred or three hundred paces apart. They are very useful soldiers in

following an enemy on a march. They go over mountains, and marshes, rivers and lakes, at a great rate.

It was now late in October, and the days were growing short. The sun disappears here the 26th of November, and is out of sight for two months. As I wished to go back from Alten, where I now was, to Hammerfest, before that time, I began to prepare. I bought, among other things, a stout dog-skin cap. The dogs of whose skin these caps are made, are a different kind of dog from the small ones that watch the deer. They are large, shaggy, and yellowish, and the Laplander is not so fond of them. He fets and kills them; and when he pats the dog's fine fur coat, seems to be thinking how comfortable it will be on his own head, in the shape of a winter cap.

I began my voyage on the 16th. We were in a large boat, and being wrapped up in furs, lay snug and warm. As the wind soon came against us, we landed at Konagford, and staid over night with an old friend. I went into a Laplander's winter hut, there. It was round, and about five feet high. I crept through the door-way, and found seven or eight Laplanders squatted about a dim wood fire. They bade me welcome; gave me the best seat, a box by the fire; and lighted their lamp. They had just returned from fishing; and their faces being begrimed with smoke and dirt, and their bodies wrapped up in sheep-skins, they looked like wild beasts.

The lamp was supplied with oil, mixed with the coal-fish liver. The hut was divided into apartments by pieces of wood, some of which were set up, and some laid across. In one of the apartments were two infants, fast asleep, amid a great pile of sheep-skins. The hut was full of smoke. One end was fenced off by a bar of wood, for several sheep and goats, who were lying quite at their ease, in what appeared to be the best room. The hut consisted of turf, piled up with stones braced against it, and covered with a roof; but the people seemed happy.

We proceeded on our voyage the next morning, lying snugly in the stern of the boat. We passed the islands Seyland and Soröe. The mountains on them, four thousand feet high, were covered with snow. There are few inhabitants upon them. We reached Hammerfest this day.

Hitherto I had worn my summer shooting jacket. I now bought me a seaman's jacket and trousers, with a high fox-skin collar. These, with my great dog-skin cap, and a pair of seaman's boots which came up to my thighs, were my morning dress, and kept me warm. In the evening, as I saw more of the ladies within doors, I dressed a little more gaily, using an English coat and trousers, and mounting a pair of half-boots I had brought with me from Drontheim. I could dance finely in these, and the Laplanders thought them a miracle of neatness, compared with the heavy articles which the Hammerfest merchants wore.

I now found myself really living among the Laplanders. My landlord's shop being opposite my windows, I saw it thronged with the people daily. They came with boat-loads of fish to sell. The Shore-Laplanders are half their lives upon the water, and the women are as good sailors as the men. Multitudes of them came from a great distance one day, to be baptized by the minister. They were dressed in all their finery, and behaved very well at the ceremony. But half an hour after, they were reeling to and fro in all directions, as tipsy as they could well be; and by nine o'clock my landlord's outhouses were full of them. They were fuddled with brandy, and lay asleep in their sheep-skins.

There are many Norwegians at Hammerfest, and in other parts of Finmark. I will give you some account of them. You will find them much like the Laplanders, but rather more civilized. The Finmark merchants are almost all Norwegians. They lead an easy life in the winter. Nobody smokes so much as one of these individuals. His pipe is brought to him long before he gets out of bed in the morning. He puffs away some time, then drinks a cup of coffee, and takes another nap. He goes at eight or nine o'clock to his store, opens the shutters, and then goes home to breakfast. Dinner comes at one o'clock, and after that his pipe is in his mouth till bed-time. He drinks rather too much punch, and plays at cards every evening. The merchants here play with each other for money, and pay up at the end of the year. They keep a regular gambling account.

They say they must smoke to keep off the fogs, and drink punch because smoking makes them thirsty. They are fond of singing and dancing; and in every house some one plays on a fiddle. They drink a good deal of tea as well as coffee, but they make it very weak. Their way of sweetening it is rather queer. They generally drink the tea first, and then swallow the sugar. I have often seen them drink tea and rum mixed together. The lady of the house always waits upon her company at dinner: you never see the servants, even when they have any. I found the Norwegians a hospitable, good natured, sociable people."

The remainder of Mr Brooks's account of his travels must be delayed till another opportunity.

MAINS is a word which is often added to the names of lands in the low country of Scotland. It is a contraction of demesnes, and signifies that part of the estate which anciently the proprietor retained in his own hands.

Column for very Young Ladies.

THIS column shall consist of a letter lately written by a medical gentleman of eminence in our city, to the eldest of three ingenious young ladies, ranging between eleven and fourteen years of age, the family of a widow lady of our acquaintance. In thus describing the document, we are quite serious. Beautiful as it is in composition, it is a genuine letter, written by one individual to another, and not intended for being published. On being read, however, to one of the Editors of the present work, he was so much pleased with it, as to request and obtain permission to give it circulation, for the benefit of a wider circle than that for which its respectable writer originally designed it:—

"—, 12th November 1822.

"MY DEAR —,

"I was much pleased on Saturday with the progress you and your sisters have made in the cultivation of your musical talents, since I had last an opportunity of hearing you perform. This must have been the result of much steady application and practice, and shows how much may be done by persevering industry, where the natural capacity is good, as it is in you all. But in deriving pleasure from surveying our past improvement, we ought at the same time to look constantly forward to what remains to be accomplished, and to view the progress already made chiefly as a guarantee on which we can rely, that still greater success will attend the continuance of our efforts; for there never was any one, however he may have laboured, and however far he may have advanced, who did not feel that more remained for him to do than he had any notion of at the outset. Praise and the approbation of friends are perhaps more immediately pleasing and efficacious in stimulating sluggish minds to exertion; but minds of a higher order will find more permanent and grateful encouragement in the nearer approach they feel themselves making to the perfection at which they are aiming. I need not say to you which of these motives I think you should keep in view; your own good sense will choose the latter, and such a choice will have the additional advantage of rendering you independent for the use of your powers on the caprice or dispositions of those in whose society you may happen afterwards to be placed. Those who seek excellence merely from a love of praise, and a desire to outline their neighbours, not only become exceedingly sensitive about trifles, and watchful of every form of expression made use of towards them by others, but they feel dissatisfied, and unable for exertion, when they meet with persons either incapable of appreciating their powers, or unwilling to give them credit for the ability they display. Their comfort and even their talents are thus placed very much at the mercy of others, which is the most insecure of all foundations for so important an object as happiness. Those, again, who seek excellence for its own sake, or for the sake of the purposes to which high attainments may be applied in adding to our own usefulness, and thereby advancing our own welfare and that of others, rest on a support which no whim of another can affect, and no praise or unmerited neglect or blame for a moment withdraw. It is, therefore, a most important object, in improving both our moral and intellectual nature, to keep the excellence itself in view, and not the praise which attends it, as our motive to exertion.

"When I found you and your sisters advancing in your musical studies, and giving proof of industry and application, by your successful progress, I was much gratified; but my satisfaction was much increased by observing, that, in you all, it seemed to be the result of exertions made from the higher motive, and not from mere love of praise. I came to this conclusion from remarking none of the forward confidence and anxiety to shine, which the appetite for praise tends to produce when made the main object of pursuit; but, on the contrary, the same modest timidity which I used to meet with formerly, and which is so becoming, especially in youth.

"It is a doctor's privilege to give advice, and it is alleged that it is one I rarely allow to lie dormant, when young ladies are concerned, in whose mental or bodily welfare I take an interest. Not to make an exception of you, as I am anxious to see you all turn out every thing that your best friends could desire, I would say, in all your pursuits, and in all your conduct, make *doing what is right* your principal object, without reference to what others will think of you; and when you find yourself, as will sometimes happen, swayed too much by this latter feeling, check yourself by the question—*why am I doing this?* When you follow this course you will secure at the same time the only approbation of others which is worth caring for, viz. that sanctioned by your own conscience; while you will escape that overstrained sensibility which makes one the sport of every breath of praise or blame, whether just or unjust, which may happen to be thrown out upon you.

"I have written at greater length than I intended, but will now close with wishing you all success in your future improvement, and health to fit you for every exertion which may be required of you; and with affectionate regards to your sisters and yourself, I remain,

"My dear —,

"Your sincere friend,

"—"

MEMOIRS.

The French are remarkable for the number of their writings called memoirs. In war, almost every officer writes a journal of the transactions in which he is engaged. It is said that the memoirs, in manuscript, in the King of France's library formerly, relating solely to the civil wars of that country in the sixteenth century, are so numerous, that it has been calculated it would require any single person four hundred years to peruse them all, allowing him to read sixteen hours in the day.

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